

# LITERARY INQUIRER:

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF }  
PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. }

PUBLISHED UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE BUFFALO LYCEUM.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM }  
AT THE END OF THE YEAR }

VOL. I.

BUFFALO, (N.Y.) TUESDAY, OCT. 22, 1833.

No. 22.

## POPULAR SELECTIONS.

### THE CHASE.

From the log-book of Richard Mizen, Q.S.

"A sail!—a sail!—a promised prize to hope!  
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?"

*Corsair.*

'Sail, ho!' cried the mast-head-man, as the daylight broke on the U.S. ship —, on a fine morning in June, 18—.

'Whereaway?'

'Off the weather bow—a taunt brig, with her yards braced up, and all sail set slow and aloft.'

'How does she set in the water?'

'Light, sir, as a duck!'

'Any sheer in her waist?'

'Straight as a line, sir!'

'Quartermaster, give me the glass.' Lieut. Smith took a long look. 'The very chap we've been looking for, Mr. Griffin.'

'Sir.'

'Let the captain know there's a suspicious brig to windward, and the Dog Keys to leeward; right under the fore chains.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' and Mr. Griffin was out of sight in a moment.

'Forecastle, there! out and loose the flying jib; top-men, aloft and shake the reef out of the topsails, and stand by to let fall topgallant sails; afterguard, man the main sheet; and you, gunners, look out for the arm-chests!'

A dozen 'ay, ays' were bellowed at once. It seemed lieutenant Smith gave all these orders in a breath, and in as short a time, pea and monkey jackets were doffed, and every man in motion. The quickness with which all the commands were executed, gave earnest that the men understood their cause, and before their commander appeared on deck, the whole was completed and the ship under full sail.

'Whereaway is this craft, Mr. Smith?' said the captain.

'Just outside the fore-tack, sir.'

Captain L. took a glass and for some time looked steadily in the direction designated. He appeared satisfied, that the vessel in sight was no other than a piratical brig, of which he had been in search.

'The very fellow!' said he, as he dropped the glass from his eye. 'Call all hands, Mr. Smith, and give her the royals;—we must catch that brig before night.'

A moment after, the boatswain's shrill call, succeeded by his gruff 'all hands ahoy,' rung through the ship, and in a few minutes the drowsy sailors, one by one, came bundling up the hatchways, till all were on deck.

By this time the trade wind set in, and the ship gathered headway. Its freshness invigorated all, and with the intelligence of a chase, dispelled the surliness of the men, who had been deprived of their rest, and seated an animated expression on every face. The brig was about two miles distant, and plainly visible to all.

'Cast loose the bow gun, and get her ready for a fire.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Is there any current setting towards these keys, Mr. Smith?'

'No, sir; the current sets to the northeast.'

'How close can we scrape the reef?'

'A cable's length will carry us clear.'

'All ready with the gun, sir,' cried the quarter-gunner.

'Fire, then, and plant the shot under her fore foot, and take care not to touch her.'

'Up helm a little—there—steady, steady,' and the quarter-gunner lengthened out the last syllable till he had got the gun in a fair range.

'Stand clear, and watch the shot,' cried he, as he retreated a pace and pulled the lockstring.

Away went the ball, and all eyes were bent to see the spot it should strike. The aim was fair, for the iron fell close ahead of the brig;—she passed over its wake, and stirred neither tack nor sheet. There was a pro-

found stillness in the ship, for all were surprised that the brig showed no symptoms of obeying the summons, and were unwilling almost to believe their own eyes. Captain L. participated in the feeling, and it was not until he plainly saw such was the fact, that he ordered the gun to be discharged again.

'The breeze freshens, sir; shall we take in sail?' said Mr. Smith, as the wind whistled sharply through the rigging, and the ship began to plunge heavily into the accumulating waves. Captain L. paid no attention to the remark. He was absorbed in thinking of the brig.

'Shall we furl the royals, sir?' again demanded the lieutenant; 'the lee chains are under now.'

'Are you ready with that gun?' shouted the captain.

'All ready, sir.'

'Give it to her, then, among her spars.'

The ship was for a moment kept away from the wind, and the gun fired. The shot went far over the brig, doing her no damage.

'What are you about there? who trained that gun?' cried the captain.

'I trained it, sir,' replied Palmer, the quarter-gunner, with the rim of his tarpaulin between his thumb and forefinger; 'but the ship was so c'reened to leeward that I couldn't fire lower.'

At that moment the breeze freshened still more, and the main royal yard snapped in twain. The sail sagged down, and flapped about so furiously as to endanger the mast. Nothing short of this could have diverted captain L.'s attention from the brig; now, the snap of the yard startled him, and he saw he was carrying topgallant sails and royals, when commonly he would have had a reef in the topsails.

'Take in those flying kites, sir, and down with the topgallant yards. You'll have the masts over the side presently, and then we may whistle for the brig. In with them, sir.'

Captain L. was in a passion. The truth is, the wind was every instant freshening, and was already nearly half a gale. The ship was foaming and plunging through the seas, without rising upon them, at the rate of nine knots an hour; her masts pitching and jerking with that short, uneasy motion that must, in a very short time, have snapped them, had not the slight accident aloft informed captain L. of the trial he was making of his spars. The lighter sails being in, however, eased them so much, that immediate danger was no longer apprehended, and then attention was again fixed on the brig. She still held her course, having only taking in her royals. This movement more fully showed her real character; for, in furling them, more men were seen aloft than any merchantman could have spared from deck. By this time the long gun was ready for another fire. Captain L. aimed and fired it himself, but with no better success than Palmer. The shot fell short. The next moment a volume of smoke issued from the weather side of the brig, and the booming report of a heavy gun came on the increasing gale.

'Does the scoundrel defy me?' cried the captain.—'Beat to quarters, and give him a broadside, right into his hull!'

'The brig bears away before the wind,' cried a man from the jib-boom.

'Hard up the helm, then!' cried the commander; 'up with it, and square the yards.'

'Avast, there!' exclaimed Mr. Smith; 'there's a reef close under the lee bow, and if you keep her away the tenth part of a point, we shall be dashed to pieces in five minutes!'

The order was instantly countermanded. Captain L. sprang to the lee gangway, and discovered to his dismay the low, black rocks ranged regularly along, not four hundred yards from the ship! He then passed rapidly on to the fore-castle, and threw a hasty glance along the ledge, till his eye rested on the last point. He saw, with the quickness of thought, that he was in a situation from which it would be difficult to escape. The gale rapidly increased. The ship, trembling at every joint, was breaking through the drift and foam, cutting the boiling seas that every moment broke clear over her, deluging her deck with water. Captain L.

made his way back to the quarter-deck. The peril into which he was unconsciously thrown, brought him completely to himself;—the brig and all else but his ship was forgotten. He was perfectly cool, though quick and nervous in his movements; and a shade of anxiety was discoverable in his face, notwithstanding his effort to suppress all outward demonstration of his feelings.

'The ship can not stay in this sea,' said he, in a low, hurried, and half-inquiring tone, to Mr. Smith.

'No, sir; she will never go round in such a swell as this. No human efforts could make her!'

'And she will certainly go to the bottom if we attempt to ware!'

'Certainly!' replied the collected Smith.

'How does that point bear?'

Lieutenant Smith stooped and glanced at its position.

'About two points on the lee bow, and not half a mile off!'

'Give me the trumpet, sir—give me the trumpet! She must go round, or we'll be smashed in five minutes!' and seizing the trumpet, he shouted, 'ready about,' and the other orders for tacking closely followed. There was a moment of bustle and changing of places among the men, and then all was quiet.

'Are you all ready, forward?'

'All ready, sir!'

'Ease down the helm—handsomely! handsomely! Let fly the jib-sheet!'

The helm was put down, the sheet let go, and slowly the ship's head came up to the wind, and her sails were slightly shivered. To the success of this movement, every man on board looked with a heart swelled almost to bursting; for on it, they knew, their safety hung. The seas dashed over her more impetuously—and, for a moment, she stood almost still. This moment was to decide. If the wind caught the head sails aback, the manœuvre would be complete and the ship safe; if not, she would most likely get stern-way, and the most disastrous result was to be anticipated. Captain L. did not, for an instant, forget his terrible responsibility at that crisis; but gazing intently on the sails, his whole soul seemed wrapped up in the event. His feelings were his men's, who did not, for one moment, withdraw their straining scrutiny from the indications of their fate. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, yet to them it seemed an age, when slowly the bows of the ship payed off from the wind, and it was apparent she would not go about.

'May she be damned for that!' growled a sailor within hearing of his commander.

'Silence, sir!' exclaimed the captain.

There was a startling solemnity in his tone and manner, evincing a just sense of propriety at a moment so big with the fate of human beings.

'Bring the ship to the wind, quartermaster, and keep her as close as she will lie—touch and go.'

'Touch and go, sir!' was the immoveable seaman's reply.

The ship, obedient to her helm, came up, and regained her headway, without having very perceptibly fallen off. By this time the point it was necessary to weather was a few hundred yards distant, and to every man on board, it seemed the merest possible chance to pass it—to strike it, would be certain destruction. The gale still increased, yet captain L. did not dare to start a rope. Every strand was stretched to the utmost. The spars were sprung into the shape of bows. If the ship before diverged through the seas, she now seemed to drive them before her, so tremendous was the power with which she was urged onward. Her lee guns dragged in the water, and the lee side of the deck was full of it. Under such a press of canvass, it was only wonderful the masts were not swept from the deck, or the ship capsized. As she neared the point, the feelings of her inmates were wound up to an agonizing pitch. Some stood, with terrified countenances, grasping the rigging; some crept away to a corner, and with their faces buried in their hands, waited in silent dread the consummation; while others gazed with aching eyes on the rocks, as the ship, with appalling rapidity, neared them.

But what sound is that, like the report of a cannon, that comes so stunningly on the ears of all?

'The jib's burst!' yelled a trumpet-toned, unearthly voice from the forward deck;—it seemed the knell of hope!

'Lay out and loose the fore-topmast staysail, and man the halyard!' shouted the undismayed commander; 'move men, for your lives! quartermaster, keep the ship steady!'

'Steady, to a hair, sir!' was the cool, undaunted reply.

By the time the fore-topmast staysail was hoisted, the ship was directly abreast the point of danger. Then was the agony of that fearful trial, almost beyond mortal bearing! Instead of finding it, what they supposed, a point, terminating suddenly, they discovered, on approaching it, that the ledge continued in a right line nearly a quarter of a mile! The ship was then so near it, that a strong arm might have cast a biscuit on the rocks, and she was sensibly drifting to leeward, under the press of wind and the continued setting of the sea. The water boiled up around her from the rocks below! The spray of the waves was almost thrown back on her deck from the rocks above! Could they hope to escape? Not one man expected to see the setting of that day's sun! Each settled in his own mind to meet his Creator as best he could. Captain L. was the only man who quailed not amid the furious encounter. With a steady gaze on the sails, he watched the quiver of their edges, and not once removed his eyes from them. He knew that on keeping the ship close to the wind, depended all, and to that he looked, as the arbiter between life and death.

'Luff, quartermaster, luff,' said he in a rapid under-tone, as if uncertain whether the command was correct; 'luff, I think the wind veers!'

'It does, sir; she has come up a point.'

To this relieving intelligence there was but one drawback in the mind of captain L. The wind, constantly fitful, might suddenly change back to its old point, in which event the headway of the ship would be deadened, and as close to the breakers as she then was, not one hope would be left. But an all-seeing Providence did not so decree it. Still the commander watched the sails, and still the ship came gradually up. Every moment removed her farther from the breakers. There was a sensible movement in every part of the ship. A long drawn sigh burst from the men, and they breathed again, as they saw the distance between them and danger momentarily lessening. At length, the last black rock was left behind, and the weight of torture was removed from their breasts, who, a short time before, were prepared to battle with 'the foaming brine;' and to die on the rocks, whose very existence they now scarce thought of!

Attention was again directed to the brig, and she was perceived almost hull down, to leeward, with all sail set. The sea was clear, and captain L. became again intent on the chase.

'Now slap her before the wind,' said he to his lieutenant; 'crack all drawing sail on her from stem to stern, and before we sleep this night, we'll have her.'

The ardent and steady commander then gave the trumpet to Mr. Smith, and sought his cabin. His feelings had been terribly wrought up, and the revulsion was more overpowering than he was willing to exhibit to those around.

His orders were obeyed with unwonted eagerness and celerity:—the ship, like a moving cloud, flies onward through the majestic billows, yet seeming scarce to touch them,

'So gloriously her gallant course she goes.'

Now she lifts her head, sparkling with a million drops, high in air, like a gay caparisoned steed; now plunge it into the hillocks of crested brine, dashing the effervescent spray in snowy and fantastic curls before her prow:—Now resting almost motionless on the apex of an arching sea, or darting forward with accelerated impetuosity:—Now gracefully careening from side to side; then moving steadily, with upright masts, on her winged career, like a sea-bird soaring on the rushing gale:—

'Who would not brave the battle fire,—the wreck,  
To move the monarch of her peopled deck!'

Throughout the forepart of the day the wind was still strong; at meridian, it had sensibly diminished; and be-

fore the afternoon had half expired, the sudden gale dwindled into the steady trade, the waters subsided, and the ship moved on rapidly, but without labor. The distance between the two vessels was, at sunset, shortened to about two miles.

'We shall have a brush with that fellow, yet,' said captain L. as he relieved his eye from a long scrutiny of the brig, and cast it on a dark cloud that was backing up from the horizon behind.

'Does she show teeth?' demanded Smith.

'Ay; she has unshipped her bright sides and shows a full row; her deck swarms with men, too. Are the guns all double-shotted?'

'Yes, sir.'

'The small arms in order?'

'All in perfect order. I have examined them myself. Not a pistol will miss fire, and the cutlasses would brain a man in a child's hand!'

Four hours afterwards, the ship still under a press of sail, captain L. stood where he did in the last conversation with his lieutenant. He had remained, with his eyes riveted on the brig, till suddenly, as if she had sunk to the bottom, she disappeared, and it was in vain he swept the horizon with his night glass. Nothing could have startled him more than did this unlooked for vanishing. He certainly had not withdrawn his eyes from her five minutes, altogether, and yet she was gone, and nobody could see her. The night, too, was unfortunately darker than usual, for much of the sky was overcast with the cloud that first appeared at sunset. Captain L.—to use one of his own expressions—was 'all aback.' He went to the forward part of the ship—then to the gangway—then back to the quarter-deck; and looked in every direction; and it was reduced to a certainty that the brig was nowhere to be seen.

'In the devil's name, what can have become of her!' said he at length; 'this is not the latitude of the Flying Dutchman, or I should think I have been fooling myself with a goblin galliot all day! Are there any rocks about here, Mr. Smith?' 'No, Sir.'

'Then she's afloat, and have her, I will! Mast-head, there!' and without waiting for an answer, he shouted again, 'mast-head, there!'

'Sir!' sounded a voice, as if from the clouds.

'Do you see any thing of that brig?'

'No, sir!'

Captain L. became still more impatient. Every man on board was set to look out for the invisible brig; and for half an hour, one hundred and fifty men and three hundred eyes looked out in vain. Never was man so puzzled as captain L. He did not know which way to turn, how to act, and least of all, what to think. There was a mystery about the matter that resisted the touchstone of professional experience and skill. That he should, in turning away for two minutes, have lost sight of the brig, was to him incomprehensible; and was certainly enough to disturb his equanimity.

'If I lose that brig,' said he, impatiently, 'I'll throw up my commission, and swear the prince of darkness himself is cruising in these seas, in an invisible Baltimore brig! Fore-castle, there!'

'Sir!'

'Do you see any thing, yet?'

'There's something on the starboard bow, sir, but we can't make it out.'

Captain L. was on the fore-castle in a moment. One look satisfied him. There was the brig, within point-blank distance, and not a rag of canvass abroad.

'Not gone yet, my fly-away! Mr. Smith, down with the studding sails, and beat to quarters!'

The words were hardly from his lips, before every man, as if simultaneously impelled, sprang to a rope, and in a minute, the light sails were lowered from the yards, and thrust below deck. The next, the deck was as silent, and the men as immovable, as if they had become stone under a sorcerer's wand!

'They were at quarters!'

Along the deck, at regular intervals, were lighted matches, and battle lanterns, that cast a subdued light on the paraphernalia of war, scattered around in seeming confusion, yet, every article in its proper place; and showed the expression of eagerness combined with stern determination, depicted on the faces of the men.

If there be a moment of a sailor's life, when his ardent character shines with the greatest brilliancy, it is when he momentarily expects a battle to commence. With a swelling heart, and a bounding pulse, he stands impatient for the word, no thought of danger or dismay damping the vigor of his fiery spirit. Yet is he never more steady in his judgment. That, as his other faculties, strengthens with the emergency, and he exhibits the uncommon spectacle of the intensest passion, guided, controlled, and regulated by an impetuous, but almost unerring judgment. It is then we are taught to admire his character; it is then the darker shades are lost in the halo of brilliancy his manliness and valor throw around him; and we forget that the lion of the battle can be as well the prince of a debauch, and the abject slave of degrading and inhuman passions.

With a steady speed the ship approached the brig. From the moment the guns of the former could be brought to bear, they were trained with exactness against the enemy, now within pistol shot of the ship, and nearly abreast. Not a light was visible about her, and not a sail was spread to break the delicate line of her long and rakish masts against the sky. No human figure showed itself above the bulwarks, save one, that, even in the darkness, appeared commanding, and he was at the helm.

Her long black hull rose and fell gracefully on the swells of the sea, and once in awhile, as she lurched to her side, a line of open ports could be distinguished, which seemed to bid defiance to the approaching ship.

'Brig ahoy!' shouted captain L.

A pause succeeded the hail, in which the crew scarcely breathed, so intent were they on the answer. The only sound was the rushing wave, and the flapping of the ropes awayed to and fro by the vessel's motion. No answer came.

'Brig ahoy!' again cried captain L., more vehemently.

'Hilloa!' came back upon the wind, in a clear, strong, and sonorous voice.

'What brig is that?'

There was no reply; but slowly, and as if by preternatural agency, the brig's sails were loosed and distended to their natural limits. No living creature was seen to effect this movement. No one could be perceived on the yards, and the man first seen, was the only one on deck. It appeared the work of magic.

'If you do not answer, I will fire into you!'

'Fire, if you please!' was the taunting and contemptuous answer.

'Stand by!' cried captain L.

'Stand by!' was heard from the brig, in an elevated, commanding, and determined tone.

Captain L., still willing to spare an inferior foe, exclaimed:

'Will you answer me? What brig is that?'

'No!' shouted the solitary of the brig.

'Fire!' screamed captain L.

'Fire!' yelled the other.

At the word, the broadsides of both vessels were discharged.

As the sheeted flame burst forth, the ocean far round was lighted up with an intense, momentary blaze, and millions of sparks hung, for awhile, between the vessels, and gradually sinking to the water, were extinguished. Instantly succeeding the report, were the crash of timbers, and the groans of the wounded. Unheeded they fell, and their cries reached not the ears of comrades, who, at any other time, would have flown to their relief; now, the spell of battle was on every heart: the timid grew brave; the feeble, strong; the courageous, lion-like!

For a short time, the wind was lulled by the concussion of the discharge, and the cloud of smoke hung upon the surface of the sea, completely concealing the combatants from each other, till the breeze resumed its supremacy, and swept it onward, and they emerged to view.

Again the lightning of their broadsides glared upon the sea, and their thunder roared, mixed up with the thunder of the clouds, and the fitful gusts of a gathering storm. A heavy, impenetrable darkness reigned, save close by the water's surface. Extending a few feet above that, was a subdued, sickly brilliancy; the ocean had put on its mantle of light, and in every direction, as far as the eye could span, the breaking waves looked as if on every crest was lighted a pale white fire, till the entire expanse seemed a vivid sheet of dancing flame. The effect was magnificent,



and inspiring, heightened, as it was, for a moment after the fire of the vessels, by the flying shot, as they bounded and rushed through the waters, leaving a train of awakened light, like lightning, streaming over the face of the vasty deep!

Before the hostile vessels were prepared for a third discharge, the clouds that had been steadily gathering over head, opened, and a deluge of rain, accompanied with a violent wind, an almost unintermitted stream of lightning, and one constant peal of deafening thunder, poured down upon them! Further combat was impossible. The full terrors of a tropical storm were above and around them. The wind almost instantaneously strengthened into a furious gale, and in the tumult consequent on a visitation so sudden and unprovided for, the vessels were separated.

During the greater part of the night, the ship lay under short sail, and when the day dawned again, no vestige of the brig was visible.—*Western Monthly Magazine.*

#### A FEW RAMBLING REMARKS TO WIVES.

There is no great need of enforcing upon an unmarried lady the necessity of being agreeable: nor is there any great art requisite in a youthful beauty to enable her to please. Nature has multiplied attractions around her. Youth is in itself attractive. The freshness of budding beauty needs no aid to set it off; it pleases merely because it is fresh, and budding, and beautiful. But it is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her when a lover. Men are always duped, not so much by the arts of the sex, as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should, therefore, ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavor to keep it up when she has become a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was, the chariness of herself and her conduct, which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same niceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavor still to preserve a freshness and delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of a woman is to be wooed, not to woo; to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love; bounty loses rather than wins him.

"She that hath a wise husband," says Jeremy Taylor, "must entice him to an eternal dearness by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity. She must have no painting, but blushings; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship; and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies."

We have wandered into a rambling series of remarks on a trifling subject. That we may not, however, appear to confine our observations to the wife, we will conclude with another observation from Jeremy Taylor, in which the duties of both parties are mentioned; while we would recommend his sermon on the marriage-ring to all those who, wiser than ourselves, are about entering into the happy state of wedlock:—

"There is scarce any matter of duty but it concerns them both alike, and is only distinguished by name, and hath its varieties by circumstance and little accidents; and what in one is called love, in the other is called reverence; and what in the wife is obedience, in the man is duty. He provides, and she dispenses; he gives commandments, and she rules by them; he rules her by authority, and she rules him by love; she ought by all means to please him, and he must by no means displease her."

#### FRIENDSHIP.

All attachments subside after a time but such as are founded on the solid basis of congenial tastes, dispositions, and pursuits. We look back with anguish on many things, but on none with such bitterness of heart as on the unkindness of those who were once kind. Real friendship is no common blessing. Love is but a more agreeable modification of selfishness. When its object ceases to give pleasurable sensations, love takes its rapid flight; but true friendship outlives deformity, age, and disease.

#### SELECTED TALES.

*From the Oneida Democrat.*

##### THE RUIN.

By the grim waters washing a rocky promontory, glittering from the north eastern coast of England, in days long past, stood a massive ruin, a part of whose fragments lay flooded by the sea, while a part stretched their mouldering heaps along up the steep bank; on the top of which stood the principal part of the pile looking very lonely and desolate. The trees were beginning to sprout among the masses, while the ivy twined itself along the pinnacles, shook by the ocean breezes, and dangling in the winds.

Indeed it was a wild and lonely place, the wild beasts visited it not, and owls were afraid to make their nests there! so that there was nought to greet the wanderer, if he chanced to alight upon the spot, but a grim pile of gray, mouldering ruin, rusty and chinky, with the wild cold winds of the ocean howling around it.

About two miles from this deserted place, lived Sir John De Random, a mighty lord, commanding many a valiant vassal. He and his retainers believed the ruin to be haunted. Lights had been seen, of late, at the dread hour of midnight, twinkling through the gloom, and a miserable looking figure had also been seen to traverse the beach, or propel his light bark along the troubled waters.

The place became, consequently, pretty much abandoned; for the yeoman would betake himself to a circuitous route, rather than come in contact with this dreary region, and there was always a secret horror felt, whenever the ghostly haunt was mentioned.

It was, therefore, on a very stormy and dismal night, that a gloomy figure might have been seen promenading the beach beneath the moaning ruin, around whose scarred summits howled the sour blast. A mantle was folded around him, and he looked, ever and anon, off on the blackened sea, as though he defied the whirling storm, or tempted the Deity of the waves from his coral bed.

Stopping, he would shrug his shoulders and pull his voluminous cloak close around his tall form, peering through the darkness of the clouds, broken and mangled, shooting along, gave the moon, sailing high in the murky welking, a chance to shine down, making the black ocean, crested with foam, hideous and dreary. At length he started, and bending his footsteps towards a niche encumbered by a mass of ruin, met a man, who stepping from a boat upon the shore, greeted him in silence.

"What success, Sir Masley?" said the former, anxiously.

"I went away empty, and return empty!" replied the stranger, moodily, and, raising his manly form, folded his arms.

"Despair is but a fool's!" returned the first speaker; "that noble brow, that fiery eye, that commanding gait, defy the charge; but come with me."

So saying, he seized the stranger by the arm, guiding him up the precipitous acclivity, amongst the mouldering fragments, to an aperture rent, or broke by nature, which he entered. Inside was an area, smooth and hard; a dark shadow flung from an opposite wall, concealed but ill, a small group of warriors, who lay stretched beneath its influence. He was conducted into a small apartment, situated in an obscure part of the building, where throwing himself upon an oaken bench, he motioned his companion to a seat, when he exclaimed:

"You saw the steel caps, and the polished armor of my gallant comrades?"

"My eyes were not shut!" responded Masley, gloomily.

"I did not doubt it!" replied the host; but you saw my daughter?"

"Saw her: merciful heaven!" echoed Masley, clenching his teeth.

"What!" cried the questioner, starting to his feet, "you saw my daughter, you say, but, was it a spectacle to create such emotions? speak, I conjure thee!"

"It would do thee little benefit—I saw her, but as the wife of—"

"Heaven blast thee!" cried the old man springing to his feet, as if a sword had pierced his body! "how know you this? wilt stretch the overstrained chords of my heart till they break?"

"Dost suppose, Sir Landsley, that I feel so little interested in this poor girl's calamity, as to make it a theme of sport, or of playing with your feelings? I

was informed by the butler, that she had been wedded to the old monster Random."

"Ah!" muttered Sir Landsley, striding too and fro for a moment in deep thought, then stopping, he resumed, "she must be redeemed from this monster's clutches; does thy heart fail thee?"

"I would die for her," replied Sir Masley, "were she but a moiety of what she is!"

"Go, then, assemble your followers, and to-morrow night, at dusk, meet me at this place; remember the prize, if victorious!"

Sir Landsley had a noble castle, and a beautiful daughter. He lived in a rich champaign, encompassed by green hills; but war and tumults filled the land. No castle, however strong, or well barricaded, was secure, especially if it contained a beautiful daughter. But in this instance, Sir Landsley had more than apprehension to disturb him. Sir John De Random was his mortal foe, but he demurred at coming out openly and hostilely against his much dreaded enemy, for he had had several skirmishes with him, in the which he had never failed to be worsted. To add to the boldness of his character at this time, however, he had conceived a violent passion for his lovely daughter, and aware that he could not expect ever to gain his suit by fair means, he determined to do so by foul. Awaiting an opportunity when the old lord was summoned with half of his troops to a distant war, he threw himself upon the castle, and although it was bravely defended by the few that were there, he got possession of it, and of the lovely prize.

When the old warrior returned he looked no longer on the gilded castle, surrounded with verdant trees, but, on walls broken down, demolished, and ruined; not a partizan appeared to greet his returning footsteps, or to tell him of the perpetrator of the desolation that met his eye. His faithful minions yelled forth revenge, and sword after sword flashed from the scabbard, as if in execution of the purpose. Suspicion lighted upon Sir John De Random.

Retiring to the ruin we have mentioned, he assembled what few warriors remained of all his gallant vassals, but these were too inefficient to risk an assault upon the strongly defended battlements of Sir John. He had recourse, therefore, to Sir Masley, a young and doughty knight, who had been making some advances towards gaining the affections of the beautiful Elizabeth, but the old lord, either from prejudice, or a desire to retain a little longer the society of his only child, had hitherto continued to discourage his pretensions, but conscious that he needed some assistance, he did not scruple to call upon this knight, laying before him his wants, and offering him as the prize of his success, the hand of his daughter.

The eager knight, therefore, had commenced operations, as we have seen, by reconnoitering, and brought back the chilling tidings, that the stolen maid had been linked in the holy bands of wedlock with her infamous ravisher and keeper.

The following night found the beautiful Elizabeth leaning upon her couch, buried in meditation. The drops were chasing each other fast and thick down her colorless cheeks, while her hair, disordered and wild, added to the air of grief and misery which seemed to be the inmates of her heaving bosom. It was one of those moments, when scenes long gone down into the bosom of the past, come crowding on the recollection, melting the heart, and creating in it a vacancy that finds nothing in the present to satisfy it. There is something indescribable in such moments; it seems as though the soul was operated upon by some unseen and hidden cause; as though a spirit was summoning up before the mind the long past scenes of other and better days, for the purpose of breaking down the sterner spirit, and making it a better and a holier. I wonder if harder and worldlier minds have such moments of reflection, or, does it belong only to the sensitive and romantic. If so, better would it be, if all were tinctured with the spirit of romance! I have heard romance spoken of with slight, and a degree of scorn, as though there was somewhat of weakness and softness mingling with it, but persons who talk thus, know nothing of the delight and charms springing from such a source; it is like telling the dumb man of the charms of music, or the blind man of the beauties of the rainbow, or of the soft evening sky.

Well, fast and soul-melting, came the dim fantasies of by-gone days upon the ethereal spirit of the lonely maiden. She wept; she sighed for the green groves of her father's valley; she sighed for the fascinating tones of Sir Masley's voice. A gaudy lamp hung sus-



pended above her head, shedding a dim lustre upon the ceiling and the floor. A grated window admitted the evening air, flaring the dim lamp about. To this window would she frequently go, and inhaling the fresh atmosphere, enumerate every tree, decking the landscape and the little hills, and the brooklets dancing down their surfaces; the groves and the patches of green earth, were all sketched out in her fancy with the distinctness of reality. For the reader will readily imagine, that the gentle maiden had not her liberty, but was confined, for the purpose of compelling her to yield her consent to their nuptials. The report given by the butler was nothing more than what had been circulated about by the old lord himself, to silence curiosity. She had resisted the importunities of the ungenerous warrior until he had become exasperated, shutting her up in her prison, and vowing that she should never be liberated unless she yielded to his desire. The poor girl was almost a maniac. Accustomed to liberty, to hear the soothing voice of affection, and the ebullition of kindness and love, it seemed as if the world of despair had been opened upon her, for the harsh and cruel accents that alone fell upon her ear, cut her to the soul, and she longed for the cold silence of the tomb.

As she sat musing upon the past and the present, the loud clamors of the day, followed by the mingling hum of voices, and the tramping of footsteps, were pressed down into repose by the leaden mantle of night, so that naught but the heavy monotonous tread of the sentinel broke upon the sullen ear, or echoed at a distance like the murmuring of spirits! she had leaned her head upon her hand, letting the cool wind flow in upon her burning brow, over which straggled black locks, now catching the silvery light that fell from the moist moon as she coursed up through heavily laden clouds. She was startled from her reverie by the flapping of something against the lattice, and looking up in amazement, she beheld an owl, which, fluttering, passed with a hoot through the darkness. Hardly had she recovered from her astonishment, occasioned by this vision, when a loud voice broke upon the winds, singularly wild, alone as it was, without a voice in accompaniment.

"To arms! to arms!" and then following immediately, was heard the sullen tread of some one, murmuring along the battlements! At that instant a crash at the door of her apartment calling her attention, she beheld a warrior leaping into the chamber; a light corselet shone upon his bosom, and a helmet was buckled upon his brows; a visor wrapped close to his face, concealed his features, but a throbbing sensation arose about her heart, as folding his arms around her, and whispering "fear not!" he turned from the chamber. He had to grope his way along through many a dark passage; to descend flights of steps, until he stepped out in the open air; when the sky unfolded itself, dimly lustrous. The gloomy walls of the tower effectually screened their figures from observation, while all that was going on around them could be easily seen. The whole castle was filled with uproar; men were hurrying to the battlement, and by the dim light which broke from the clouds, the terrified maiden could distinctly behold, ranged along the walls, the assembled warriors, and the loud cries and backward movement of their lusty arms, showed them engaged in rebutting something from the ramparts.

The hissing of arrows, too, and their ringing against the steel mail, were audible. The knight protected his trembling companion with his shield, from any random shaft while lingering, catching the sound as if waiting the result. But he soon discovered that other measures must be resorted to.

A loud voice was heard to exclaim: "To the dungeon! to the dungeon!" "Tis the old hound, Sir Landseley, after his daughter—to the dungeon! to the dungeon!"

In front appeared a dark figure, followed by several warriors, wielding their swords.

"Tis Sir John!" faintly murmured the maiden, clinging close to the sturdy form of the knight.

"Let him come!" replied the warrior, in low but firm accents.

As he stood at the entrance, it seemed impossible not to be discovered. His principal object was, therefore, to conceal as much as possible, the fond being he had in charge, because a view of her would certainly disclose the whole secret. Otherwise, he believed, he might easily pass among the multitude, for one of the warriors of the castle.

Placing himself before her, therefore, he pretended to be engaged in adjusting some part of his armor. The

lord of the castle, eager to enter the building, did not observe him, but the less jealous partizans were not so heedless.

"The fellow would look better wielding his weapon on the wall," cried one fellow, "than be there fidgeting about his accoutrements."

"Hist!" returned another, "how know you who he may be; your head may be doomed to pay for such insolence; he is wounded, I imagine, and is bandaging the bruise—whew, look there, how they fight! oh—"

The surrounding comrades behind the speaker, as he made this ejaculation grasped an arrow which was rankling in his bosom, and vainly endeavoring to extract it, he fell beneath their feet with a deep groan! Other arrows in the meanwhile either struck against their impenetrable mail, or clattered with a hissing noise against gray walls, or flew through gloomy alleys.

"The arrows fly like hail in a whirlwind!" said one of the group, and all were lost in the bosom of the tower.

The battle, in the meantime, grew terribly severe. There was nothing to be heard but uproar and clangor; shouts and yells; the ringing of iron-headed arrows against the hard mail! while the moon, throwing a dim glare along the turbulent host of grim combatants, huddling along the battlements, was reflected from the polished panoply, in ten thousand streams of radiance. The stranger, knowing that the return of those who had entered the tower, would render his condition rather perilous, began to look about for some other shelter.

He took the fair maid in his arms, and made his way across the area, for the purpose of making his escape through a private avenue, by which he had entered. In order to attain this avenue, it would be necessary to dare the scrutiny of the warriors, for his path lay among them; but as they were involved in the turmoil of battle, there was not much probability of his being detected. The principal difficulty was the maiden: her sex would be discovered. In this dilemma an expedient suggested itself. Bearing his burthen behind a massive wall that projected from a building, he hurriedly stripped the glittering mail from a dead body, saying, rapidly:

"Put this on quickly!"

But although this command intimated that the labor was to be solely on the part of the maiden, it was not so; his own hands were not idle; and while he was busily employed in performing this duty, the lord, with his band, emerged from the tower. The door from which they came stood fronting the moon, so that a broad shadow fell from the high wall, behind which the fugitives lay ensconced. But a full moon poured its beams over the figures themselves as they issued, revealing their features, some of which displayed surprise, some rage; the lord might be ranked a votary of the last passion; his person, throughout, exhibited the full power of uncontrollable fury; stamping his feet, his sword raised in such a position as to denote insatiable revenge; while he frothed and stormed about as though he would devour the castle and all that was in it; and there were some whose countenances displayed secret pleasure and jocose humor.

By this time Elizabeth had become sheathed in panoply, and, with a sword in her hand, according to the direction of the knight, she commenced to follow him from the covert.

Her limbs trembled; but, considering her situation, she appeared tolerably well. The group before the tower had separated, evidently for the purpose of a search. They had just got past the wall, when their attention was attracted to a soldier hurrying by, bearing a wounded man, and who, laying him down in the shadow of the wall, looked for an instant at his helpless burthen, as if doubtful whether he could be serviceable to the poor man or not, and then raised his eyes; the knight, as if in eagerness, hastened towards him.

"How goes the battle?" he cried; "the villains will not gain the castle?"

"Not if you are here!" replied the soldier, gruffly; "for they would be daunted by your indolence!"

"A witty fellow, I wot!" continued the knight; "and why, sir, do you not go back to the walls, now you have done your duty to the fellow? many a daughter knight, sirrah, has been left to welter in his blood, beneath the footsteps of the warriors!"

"Do you blame me," answered the soldier, "for rendering a kindness to a poor old friend, when, mayhap, it may be the last I shall ever be permitted to offer!"

"And now you have rendered your kindness, return

to your duty!" continued the knight, in a tone of authority; "by appearances, I should judge there were no boys' play in yonder host!"

"Marry, no!" grumbled the swordsman; "but there's boys' play in skulking behind stone walls, or peering from a distance, I wot; better be using his own sword, there, I wot!" and the discontented soldier slowly returned to his bloody work, not, however, without casting suspicious glances behind him, as though not satisfied with the appearance of the dogmatical stranger.

"Come," said he, turning to his fair charge, "keep close to me; be not alarmed! in this tumult, if we gain the avenue, we are safe."

"You think so, do you?" cried a voice as stern as a demon's and not more than five paces distant. And at that moment, Sir John de Random, followed by a partisan, came from an inner alley, bustling along in extreme agitation.

The stranger knight grasped his sword with a firmer grip. The maiden stifled a feeble shriek which rose to her lips; but, had the darkness permitted, not a hue could have been detected on her pale and flushed cheek.

"Yes," returned the partisan, "it was impossible for her to escape from the castle; and I have known more than once, during my life, of women putting on men's gaberdines, and soldiers' armor, and carrying swords, looking exactly like other warriors, so that you could not, for the world, tell them apart; and sometimes, too, they put on priests' scarfs and wimples and hoods—aye, aye, grammarcy, the women are cunning things when they've a mind to be—"

"Ho, sirrah!" cried the angry lord, what's here? good sir, hast seen a lady?"

"I have been otherwise engaged," replied the knight, sullenly, than to be looking for ladies; but, to tell the truth, as I was hastening from yonder barbacan, methought I perceived an apparel, much like a lady's, passing away towards yonder part of the castle."

"Hah!" and the furious lord bounded away in the direction pointed out, like a mad hound let loose from his leashes.

The follower was not quite so headlong. He came up to the knight, wielding his battle-axe, and offered to examine his person, saying—"Let me look at you, friend; I am an old warrior, and have been cozened more than once by ladies; now, my master, as thou knowest, has lost a lady, and that lady may be lurking within this corselet, and this bright breast-plate; just but let me release my scruples, friend?"

The knight threw a fiery glance around him, and raised his sword.

"You look too big and muscular, I know!" continued the iron son of Mars; "but this youth, let me see, grammarcy, he looks more the thing, after all; and he turned towards the disguised female. In truth, the maiden, disguised in male apparel, looked more a stripling than a stout warrior. The poor girl exhibited agitation in spite of herself.

"On to the wall, sirrah!" cried the knight, fiercely, "and not come here, fingering about those who are summoning their might to rebut our enemies from the castle; wilt see the villains pouring over here like wolves in less than five minutes! To the wall, I say, or I'll clip thee to thy mother earth!"

"Eh!" grunted the veteran—"a knight, eh? I thought you a knight, but I didn't recollect you, nor do I now; 'tis a hard fight, I know; but Sir John says he must find his lady, let the devil take the remainder."

"Bosworth, follow!" continued the knight, addressing Elizabeth by a feigned title. The maiden made an effort, and hurried away from the keen scrutiny of the old warrior.

"I saw a ringlet, by the powers of hell," muttered the veteran to himself, as the two figures receded from his presence, and mingled with the crowd; "I'll push on, grammarcy!"

The fugitives, in the meantime, had reached a less turbulent and less perilous part of the castle. As they were hurrying through a long and darksome lane, they found themselves suddenly confronted by a lone figure, hastening in the opposite direction, who, on observing them, immediately exclaimed—"Ho, sirs! I know you not, for 'tis dark; but have you seen a lady?"

Their peculiar situation engendered in the mind of the knight the thought of vengeance; but, hearing, at the instant, footsteps behind, he stifled it, and muttered—"I heard they had found a lady back yonder; but let me pass, for I am faint!"

"Ho!" and the eager lord darted by, as hastily as the fugitives could wish, on this new scent.

Taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded,



the eager knight, and his fair partner, entered an opening which conducted into an avenue that afforded egress from the castle. But no sooner had they come into it, before a step was heard echoing behind.

"We are followed!" said the knight, pointing to the avenue; "fly, for God's sake, fly, Elizabeth!" On seeing her hesitate, he added, "Obey—you know who I am—your sex will discover us—but, alone, I apprehend no danger; take the avenue—it will lead you beyond the walls—wait somewhere till I come!" pressing his lips to her burning brow; and she was gone.

At that instant some one made his way into the opening; it was quite gloomy, so that the intruder did not observe the knight, as he stood with his back leant against the high wall, as though out of breath, for some time; but his sight being cleared, he cried out lustily—"Ho, only one; hast seen a lady, sirrah?"

Several others now made their appearance through the aperture.

"Give me some water," muttered the knight, faintly. "Ho, wounded; but hast seen a lady? you are not so far gone, methinks, but you might have seen a lady."

The knight emitted a groan, when one of the group that had entered, ejaculated—"There were two of them, but here is only one; marry, friend, you have had nothing to do but look; have you seen two stalwart run-aways, making their way through here, grammery? I am an old warrior, and have been more than once cozened by ladies; and I'll bet a sechin, that I discerned a curl of hair, much like a lady's, lurking under the brass helmet he had on; and marry, says I, I'll push on, and I did; they must have passed through here, and gone out through yonder hole, for where else could they have gone?"

"I'll let the chitterlings out of you!" cried the lord, fiercely, to the pretended wounded man, "if you don't let me know whether you have seen a lady, or any thing like one, here or any where else."

At that instant a soldier rushed in, crying out—"My lord, the eastern gate is hurled from its hinges, and we scarce are able to keep at bay the hot hell-hounds!"

"Scarce are able, then!" roared back the impetuous lord; "but the one that gives back before the rascals, shall have his neck cut with a battle-axe! Go, tell them that Sir John de Random said so."

The messenger disappeared, and Sir John taking after the others, who had gone into the avenue for the purpose of continuing the search, the knight, fearful lest the maiden, apprehensive of his safety, would linger within, in which case she would certainly be discovered, determined to follow, closely, but silently, in order to render assistance if necessary.

As he pursued his way, he could discover the dim forms of his pursuers slowly recede before him, until they came out into the open air, where the bright moonlight rendered their many figures clearly distinguishable. As they emerged into the light, he heard a voice uttering angrily—"Tis a foul plot; unmask the hiding!"

"They have found her!" was the thought, half expressed, that darted through the knight's mind; and his sword gleamed, steadily but vengefully, as it wavered through the hideous gloom, and flashed forth in the unclouded moon!

As he bounded out at the opening, a dead body, with a gurgling groan, fell against him, and then lay quivering on the cold sward, by his side. "O God! help!" he cried; as stooping down, he strove to raise the figure, for he thought he detected in the dress and accoutrements of the dead, the false garb of the disguised Elizabeth.

"Ho! who comes?" roared Sir John, making his sword dart upwards; "a man, or fiend? if man, we'll gut him—if fiend, the priests are no liars, and we'll not let him gut us!"

The knight, however, on getting a near scrutiny of the body, was satisfied that it was not the one he supposed; and raising his bended form, he began to recover his discomfited thoughts.

He now beheld before him, persons who were on a search after himself, or one whom he loved as much as himself. He was put at his wit's end, to invent some resource. At first he thought he would rush upon the wicked lord, and avenge himself at a blow; but a second thought told him it would be but the course of a mad man. He affected friendship.

"My lord," he said, "the men are in great stress; they think you dead, and are giving way on all sides!"

"Away!" cried the chief, to those who stood around him; "find the lady, or I'll have every one of you gutted; away, I say!"

The followers scattered, while Sir John, drawing

back, gave a look towards the battlements. What a sight now presented itself on the distant walls; the moon had full play over their summits; while the deep gloom beneath served to enhance her brilliancy; there was nothing distinguishable but a tumultuous sea of tossing helmets, and gleaming of arms; but the gazer had not gazed long at this grand spectacle, before he cried out furiously—"Thou liest—they fly—they fly!" One glance showed the glittering host of warriors, who had nearly, or almost gained the ramparts, some of whom had actually planted themselves within the barbican, on a sudden gave way, and in one tumultuous throng, swarm the plain beneath with their broken squadrons and flying ranks! At the same time, there burst from the conquerors a tremendous shout as their discomfited enemies rolled tumultuously along the dusky plain. One bound, and the astonished knight was landed down a declivity, and, with all speed, made his way towards the wild host.

"Ho!" and away went Sir John in pursuit.

The knight, after passing through a ravine thickly overgrown with trees, emerged into a plain, spotted here and there with bushes. Here he stopped to look a moment at the castle, for his situation gave him a distinct view. Not a man could be seen upon its walls. All was silent; but at a distance rolled the crimson tide of war. As he withdrew his eyes from this unpalatable prospect, he discovered somebody come out of the ravine, having a drawn sword in his hand, and covered with armor, making straight towards him; a nearer view, however, convinced him that it was Sir John de Random.

He came furiously on, hallooing, "Stop, traitor! thou art but a spy! I will hack thy scurrilous head from thy shoulders, thou villain! stop, I say, for know you that I am Sir John de Random."

"The name chains me!" hurled back the other, in reply, and the only name that I would blot from the face of the earth; for know you, that I am Sir Masley!"

"Ho!" burst from the lips of Sir John; "thou hast then, doubtless, stolen the lady!" and with furious speed, and sword whirling around his head, like a rainbow of fire, he bounded towards the undaunted knight. Sir Masley coolly parried the lunge; then, as coolly, returned blow for blow, and thrust for thrust. He planted himself in one spot, and gave not an inch. Sir Random's blows were rapid and terrible; but his adversary remained calm, watching the flagging spirit of the furious assailant. Still, in spite of himself, the blood already gushed from several parts of his body; it gushed also from Sir John's; both were weak, and things began to swim before their eyes. In this predicament, a step was heard from behind, and Sir John, receiving a blow from an unknown hand, lay, without motion, upon the moon-lit plain. The knight could only mutter, as he leaned upon his gory sword, "Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth rushed to him. "I am not much hurt—only breathless!" he added, on seeing her agony.

"Heaven be praised! O Henry!" and the beautiful creature, giving way to the intoxication of her joy, fell upon his neck, and shed a torrent of tears.

Utica, Sept. 24, 1833.

ZETUS.

## ESSAYS.

### OPINION.

Not any earthly pleasure is so essentially full in itself, but that even bare conceit may return it much distasteful. Mere opinion is the genius, and, as it were, the foundation of all temporal happiness. How often do we see men pleased with contraries, as if they parted the fights and frays of nature, every one maintaining the faction which he liketh! One delighteth in mirth and the friskings of an airy soul; another findeth something amiable in the saddest look of melancholy. This man loves the free and open-handed; that, the grasped fist and frugal sparing. I go to the market, and see one buying, another selling; both are exercised in things different, yet either pleased with his own; when I, standing by, think it my happiness that I do neither of these. And in all these, nothing frames content so much as imagination. Opinion is the shop of pleasures, where all human felicities are forged and receive their birth. Nor is their end unlike their beginning; for, as they are begot out of an airy phantasm, so they die in a fume, and disperse into nothing. Even those things, which in them carry a show of reason, and wherein if truth be judge, we may discern solidity, are made placid or disgusting, as fond opinion catches them. Opinion guides all our passions and affections, or, at least,

begets them. It makes us love and hate and hope and fear and vary; for every thing we light upon, is as we apprehend it. And though we know it be nothing but an uncertain prejudgment of the mind, misinformed by the outward senses, yet we see it can work wonders. It hath untongued some on the sudden, and from some hath snatched their natural abilities. Like lightnings, it can strike the child in its womb, and kill it ere it is worlded; when the mother shall remain unhurt. It can cast a man into speedy diseases, and can as soon recover him. I have known some, but concealing they have taken a portion, have found the operation as if they had taken it indeed. If we believe Pliny, it can change the sex, who reports himself to have seen it; and the running Montaigne speaks of such another. Nor is it only thus powerful, when the object of the mind is at home in ourselves, but also when it lights on things abroad and apart. Opinion makes women fair, and men lovely; opinion makes men wise, valliant, rich, nay, any thing. And whatsoever it can do, on one side, to please and flatter us, it can do the same, on the other side, to molest and grieve us; as if every man had a several seeming truth in his soul, which, if he follows, can for a time render him either happy or miserable. Here lies all the difference; if we light on things but seeming, our felicity fades; if on things certain and eternal, it continues.

It is sure, we should bring all opinions to reason and true judgement, there to receive thier doom of admittance or ejection; but even that, by the former, is often seduced, and the grounds that we follow are erroneous and false. I will never, therefore, wonder much at any man, that I see swayed with particular affections to things sublunary. There are not more objects of the mind, than dispositions. Many things I may love, that I can yield no reason for; or, if I do, perhaps opinion makes me coin that for a reason, which another will not assent unto. How vain then are those, that, assuming a liberty to themselves, would yet tie all men to their tenets; conjuring all men to the trace of their steps, when it may be, what is truth to them, is error to another as wise. I like not men that will be gods, and have their judgments absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my mind informs me, let me never desire to take away the like from another. If fair arguments may persuade, I shall with quiet show what grounds do lead me. If those can not satisfy, I think I may wish any man to satisfy his own conscience; for that, I suppose, will bear him out in the things that it justly approves. Why should any man be violent for that, which is more diverse than the wandering judgments of the hurrying vulgar, more changing than the love of inconstant women, more multifarious than the sports and plays of nature, which are every minute fluctuous, and returning in their new varieties? The best guide that I would choose, is the reason of an honest man, which I take to be a right-informed conscience; and as for books, which many rely on, they shall be to me as discourses but of private men, that must be judged by religion and reason; so not to tie me, unless these and my conscience join in the consent with them.

**MAXIMS.**—The possession of riches never bestows the peace which results from not desiring them.

Men apt to promise are apt to forget.

So much of passion—so much of nothing to the purpose.

### A CONTRAST.

To the reflecting mind, the records of the past are pregnant with instruction. From the pages of history we may learn a lesson that speaks to the soul—a lesson, which, if diligently studied and properly applied, will be to us as the voice of wisdom. But how often is that lesson unheeded, or totally forgotten! How often are we led astray by the meteor glare of human greatness! how often captivated by the splendors of guilty genius! The names of Alexander and of Hannibal—of Cesar and of Bonaparte, kindle the flame of ambition in the youthful breast, give to the blood a warmer flow, fill the soul with visions of earthly glory, and make the spirit pant for the fading wreath that encircles the brow of the blood-stained conqueror. Heroes have gone down to the dust—but their memory has remained, not always as a blessing, but often, alas! too often, as a curse to succeeding generations! But some, soldiers in a more glorious cause than ever human ambition held up to mortal view, have lived—toiled—suffered for the good of man, and, sinking to the grave, have left behind the fragrance of their memory, to gladden and to bless!

We have thought that valuable instruction might be derived from contrasting the character of those who have astonished the world with the splendor of their genius, the daring of their spirits, and the wonders they have accom-



plished, with that of those, who, seeking not the applause of men, aimed only to secure the approbation of conscience and the favor of God. Such a contrast would we now make.

A few short years ago the world was trembling at the name of one, the echo of whose voice has scarce died away on the battle plains of Europe! Though he slumbers in his Island-grave, and the voice of the war-trump can awaken him no more—though he hears not the tramp of the squadrons that gather for battle—though the thunders that for the last few years have shaken Europe to its centre, have brought not even a murmur to his ear, yet his name, his deeds are not forgotten. The breezes of Egypt are yet burdened with the wail of woe, and the voice of the mother, calling in anguish on the names of the dear ones whose bones lie bleaching on the battle-field, is mingled with the midnight blast! Long shall the widows of Acre tell of the ruthless strife—the fiery charge—the firm repulse—and of the thousand heroes who there poured out their blood like rain—of the dark, the fearful hour, when

"Foe grappled with foe, till the life-blood burst  
From their agonized bosoms in falling!"

The history of his deeds is chronicled in characters of blood upon the map of Europe! Go, ye who would know that history, and gaze upon Austerlitz! Let your eye for a moment rest on the flaming palaces of Moscow! Hark! hear ye not the thunders which there shake the earth as the red-mouthed cannon pours forth its stream of death? See ye not the flash of the sabres through the gloom that hovers over the plains of Borodino? Hear ye not the shrieks of the dying, mingled with the exulting shout of the victors? See ye not the glittering spires of the burning city, reeling, and falling, and sinking for ever in that "Ocean of Flame!" Go, ye who would learn his deeds, and track his bloody course over the snows of Russia! The corpses of his faithful ones have strewn the path of the hero, gallant and generous soldiers, struck down by a mightier power than ever nerved the arm of the Autocrat! See Europe in arms!—her concentrated powers exerted against a single man—see that man for awhile triumphing over all opposition—that man, of whom for a long time it might emphatically have been said, "he came—he saw—he conquered!" He came, as the sun comes forth in his glory, and the kings of the earth faded before the brightness of his rising! He stood amid the great, the noble, the mighty, a mental Chimborazo, and his designs were shrouded in a darkness, deep as that of Egypt. He saw the world enslaved, and with a strong hand smote off the manacles, only to load it with heavier and more galling fetters. He conquered the victors of Europe, and daring souls quailed at his presence. The crowns of Emperors were at his disposal, and Kings came and went at his bidding. In the recklessness of his triumph he tore the mitre from the brow of the Pope, and set his foot on the neck of the Viceroy of God. He marched forth to battle, mighty in the valor of his troops—mightier in the vastness of his mind's resources. His name was a terror to the valiant of earth, and the tones of his trumpets, as they rang forth the charge of his heroes, were often the signal of retreat to the enemy. In his plans he was determined—in their execution he was invincible. He unrolled his banner, and as it flung out its crimson folds to the winds, it was both the incentive and the token of victory. That banner streamed in triumph over the subjugated fields of Europe, and the breezes of Africa, laden with the cry of the vanquished, came and kissed its bloody folds.

But his course was short. Though he came as the sun, yet he passed like a meteor!—nay, rather as the desolating whirlwind, overturning in his course every opposing obstacle, however beautiful, or glorious, or magnificent it might appear! Though an Eden bloomed before him, behind him was a desert! Like Attila, he seemed indeed "the scourge of God!"—commissioned by the Most High as the avenger of guilt, and fearful was the retribution with which he visited the high places of iniquity! Self-styled "the Child of Destiny," he seemed to hold the destinies of nations in his grasp. He was, in brief, the wonder of the world—possessing a genius at once original—grand—incomprehensible. As a successful soldier, he stands without a parallel—and the fame of an Alexander dwindles to insignificance, when compared with the fame of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

But let us now turn for a moment to the contemplation of another, a different character—one who is also a soldier—who has passed through many an agonizing strife—has encountered many a peril—has suffered many a hardship—and is still on the field of action, with a courage high and unwavering, with resolution firm and unshaken. He is a soldier—but he wars in a more glorious cause than ever unsheathed the sword of ambition—and the prize he will win is a costlier, a more enduring crown than ever graced the brow of the blood-stained conqueror. He fights beneath the banner of the Prince of Peace, looking forward, with unshaken confidence, to that triumphant period, when every knee shall bow before his Leader and every tongue confess the glory of his name. In the strength of his young years he enlisted in the service of the Captain whom he now follows, and devoted the energies of his being to the advance-

ment of the cause he espoused. Clad in the panoply of Heaven, trusting not in his own unaided prowess,

"he rushed into the field,  
With arm invincible to wield  
The Spirit's sword—the Spirit's shield,"

and wonderful are the deeds which he has already accomplished. Leaving the home of his childhood—the scenes rendered consecrate by the recollections of his boyish sports—the friends who seemed inwoven with his soul—the hallowed grave of his departed sires—yes, all—all that he loved on earth—he "took his life in his hand" and sought out the home of the morally benighted. He came to the poor—the degraded—the ignorant—the enslaved. He came to bind up the broken-hearted—to proclaim liberty to the captives—the opening of the prisons to them who were bound—to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. He came to free them from the thralldom of sin; to teach them their immortality; to lead them in the way to Heaven. Voluntarily yielding the thousand blessings of his own, his native land, he made his home among the heathen. For him, no mother weeps over a murdered son; no widow mourns a butchered husband. Nor thunder of the drum, nor clangor of the trumpet, announced his presence. In the meek presence of his master, he came to bless, and like him he went about doing good. Before him was a desert; behind him blooms an Eden. The heathen, taught by him, hath "cast his idols to the moles and the bats," and hath bent his knee to the true Messiah. No kneeling multitude to whom his nod is law; no chieftains harnessed for the fight, gather to hear his mandates; but he stands, in the dignity of an ambassador from God; surrounded by a vast company who have come to him for "the bread of life." They rend the air with no shouts of "Long live the Conqueror!" their simple and earnest cry is, "Give us a writing that tells of Jesus Christ!" Here in the light of this scene fades the glory of the proud ones of earth. Here is a sight more sublime, more spirit-stirring, than ever met the vision of the mere votary of ambition. And still he goes on in his blessed work, and the God whom he loves is his Helper. The blessing of thousands ready to perish, the whispers of an approving conscience, and the smiles of a reconciled God, are the present meed of his toil. But this is not all. Ages to come shall bless his name, and millions of spirits redeemed from the curse and pollution of sin, through his instrumentality, shall shine for ever like gems in the crown of his glory. To thousands and to tens of thousands, Napoleon brought death—but Eternity, Eternity alone can reveal the millions who shall have been guided by a Jesus to Eternal Life!—*Parthenon.*

## BIOGRAPHY.

### WARREN DAKE.

To the members of a literary institution, bound together as they are by the sweet ties of friendship & youth, death is peculiarly affecting, when one of their number has been selected as its victim. We have journeyed together in the same green paths of science; we have quaffed from the same radiant urns of intellect, and have been guided by the same venerable hand of kindness and affection. For years we have gathered around the same fireside as brethren, who, however they may be separated by the pursuits of the world, hope to meet at last at the same shrine where each shall offer up the precious incense he has gathered in his pilgrimage. Our hopes, our pleasures, nay, our very sorrows are the same. Is it then strange that we feel most deeply the bereavements with which God, in his mysterious Providence, sees fit to visit us? It is not with us *now* as it will be, perhaps, in after life. Then we may hear the voice of death breathing hourly in our ears, and calling away some whom we have been long accustomed to look upon, without feeling that we ought to grieve intensely for the loss. The toil and struggle which will be ceaselessly going on around us will supply the places which the spoiler has left vacant; and new companions will arise to engage our attentions, and enlist our sympathies. But in college it is otherwise. This is the Egeria of the heart—the green and sunny spots in the wide, cold desert of the world—the quiet hill-side, where we may linger and gird ourselves in order to climb the rugged pathway before us. Here is no dark warfare of ambition; no burning envy; no canker-worm among the flowers that bud and blossom beautiful alike to all. Our only strife is, who shall be found most ardent in the glorious race which we are to run; our only anger, when we see our companions throwing aside their armor and yielding to unmanly indolence and despair. Our enemies are but the enemies of a day; our friendship is a friendship that endures for ever, formed when the affections are most warm and ardent, conceived and cherished "in spirit and in truth."

With such feelings we now attempt to offer a few frail testimonials to the merits of one snatched from our embrace most suddenly and mysteriously, while the spring-time of his life was just bursting into summer, and promised an autumn of usefulness and honor to himself, his friends, and his country.

WARREN DAKE was the son of pious and respectable parents, residing in Greenfield, Saratoga County, who early determined to bestow on him the highest gifts of education, which their means could compass. Having passed through his preparatory studies with distinguished honor, he entered the senior class of Union College in the fall of 1832. During his collegiate year, he performed his duties with the same diligence and success, which had ever attended his efforts. As a scholar he was among the first in his class; as a christian and a man, he was among the few who devoted the talents and affections of youth to the cause of religion and humanity. His humble and retiring habits made him known to but few of his fellow-students, but those few can bear grateful testimony to the warmth of his friendship, the heavenly sincerity of his motives, and the purity of his heart. It was only on acquaintance that the beauty of his character became evident, a beauty which, like that of the violet, derives its purest merit from its humility. He was destined for the bar, and had already made arrangements for the vigorous prosecution of his legal studies. Thus then a faithful and devoted champion of justice, has been stricken from the honored ranks which he would have adorned by his talents, and blessed by the humane sympathies of his heart.

The circumstances of his death were melancholy and affecting in the deepest degree. Commencement morning dawned, the day that was to bring to him, in common with his classmates, the proud opportunity of exhibiting some of the rich stores of learning and talent, which he had spent years in acquiring. Feeling unusually languid, and imagining that his accustomed morning exercise of bathing in the Mohawk would revive him, he departed with a companion to the river, and having ventured beyond his depth, was drowned. Every effort in human reach was made to resuscitate him, but in vain; and after considerable time had elapsed, he was brought to his room a corpse. By one of those strange allotments of Providence which occur sometimes so fearfully in human affairs, his parents, who had left their home to witness the exercises, crossed the ferry not far from where he had been lost, and inquired who was drowned. With what breathless sorrow must the dark answer have smote upon their hearts! The fond hopes of years blasted in a moment; the gloomy pall of death so suddenly flung over a scene, where all before was sunshine and hope! "Not our will, but thine, oh God! be done."

His appointment in the exercises, was the Hebrew oration. This was assigned to him as the brightest reward of his eminent scholarship. When the time arrived in which he was to have spoken, the venerable president arose, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, briefly but most feelingly alluded to the circumstance of his decease. A gloom hung over all the proceedings of the day. Two of his classmates, who had written essays which were rather playful in their tone, requested to be excused from speaking, in a spirit that reflected the highest honor on their characters and hearts. In the touching words of the president, "the sudden death of their classmate had struck a chord in their bosoms, which would respond to none but tones of deepest woe."

To the parents and friends of our deceased brother, we would offer that consolation, which can be found in religion alone. Brief though his course has been, it was one of brightness and of promise. He has departed from us at the very moment when he was preparing to press forward to the goal of his hope—a goal which has not been attained but through the gate of death. In the hearts of those who knew him his memory will never die.—*Id.*

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

### BRIEF NOTICES OF LITERARY MEN,

LATELY DECEASED.

#### EDWIN BUCKINGHAM.

The lamented Edwin Buckingham, was junior editor of the Boston Courier, and of the New England Magazine. Both these works stand high in their respective classes; the latter especially is generally and deservedly admitted to be the best periodical in the United States. The capacity of the elder Buckingham, both as an editor and as a publisher, are well known, but it is due to his highly gifted son to say, that he added his full moiety of talent to both the works named. He was one of the most promising young gentlemen of our country: amiable, high-minded, and honorable, with a genius rich and well disciplined, and a mind buoyant, fresh, and teeming with wit.

#### WILLIAM GIBBES HUNT.

Among the victims of the cholera at Nashville, Ten., was Mr. Hunt, the editor of the National Banner. He was one of the few gentlemen connected with the newspaper press, who stood above the petty collisions of party rancor, and who preserved the dignity, while he evinced the talent of a scholar. The Banner was conducted with taste, ability, and independence. Its editor, while he furnished to his readers the usual proportion of news and of political discussion, devoted a liberal share of his paper, and of his personal labors, to the support of literature and sound morals. He was esteemed by those who knew him, and respected for his talents, his scholarship, and the manliness of his editorial conduct, by a vast number who, like the writer of this article, had not the pleasure of his acquaintance.



## CHOICE EXTRACTS.

**THE INFANCY OF THE POOR.**—The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle! It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children; they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to sooth it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said, that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, un nourishing; the return to its little baby tricks and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless oburgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it,) the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of young wonder. It was never sung to—no one ever told it a tale of nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die, as it happened. It has no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance: it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for the food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart bleed to overhear the casual street talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays, (fitting that age;) of the promised sight, or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman, before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?—*Elia*.

**HOW TO BE HAPPY.**—How much would it conduce to our happiness to be select in our books and in our friends; to choose each more for their good sense than their knowledge, more for their being christians than philosophers; to be contented with a small but certain income; to have no master, and few servants; to preserve our health by exercise instead of medicine; to love and hate only on just grounds; to let the pleasures of life pass by without a murmur; and to wait with confidence for an eternal hereafter.

**MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.**—It would appear that nothing but the heavy progress of time, nothing but the selfish torpor of middle age, enables us to calculate the mighty ebb and flow of our spring-tide of life, or analyze the clouds and sunshine of "the April climate of years." How little do the young appreciate the value of youth! that brief season of vivid impressions, when mind and heart and body are alike healthy, alike untouched by the corruptions of mortal nature; when the eye sees with its own sight; the bosom swells with its own emotions; when the love of God and of his creatures is warm and bright within us; when the scorn of the scorner has not reached our ears, nor the iron of adversity entered into our soul. Rumors of wrong and evil and suffering assail us, but we reject a lesson that finds no echo in our experience. Nay, so unreal is the picture of human affliction, that we look forth and hail those shadows imparted to the imaginary landscape of life by the homilies of the old and the still more frigid lessons of written wisdom, as only intended to set forth with brighter lustre the glittering points of joy and prosperity sparkling at intervals upon its surface. "Despair" seems a mere figure of speech; "anguish" a poetical expression; and "woe" the favorite rhyme of a plaintive stanza. Ah! bitter experience!

gnawing, clinging, cleaving curse of mortal sorrow! wherefore must thou come with thy realities of the grave and the worm, the pang of absence, the sting of disappointment, to prove that the sun can shine in vain, and the spring breathe forth its heavenly breath only to deepen the withering within our heart of hearts!

**THE INDIAN AND THE FLASK OF BRANDY.**—Some visitors to the Falls of Niagara found an Indian standing on a rock above the cataract. At a little distance was a projecting point of land, between which and the spot where the savage stood, the rapids were sweeping with a smooth but swift current. One of the travelers asked the red man if he could swim through the rapids to the point. "I can not tell, was the reply, "but I will try if you will give me that flask of brandy, which your servant has in his hand." The flask was accordingly given to him, and taking it in his hand, he plunged in the tide. He swam vigorously, and soon seemed about to achieve his dangerous enterprise. But deficient for a successful execution of the exploit, either in strength or skill, he missed the point, and shooting a little below it, he was instantly at the mercy of the rapids. He saw his error and his danger, and struggled with desperate energy to gain the land. In vain! Every sweep of his vigorous arm leaves him farther from the island, and nearer to the spot where the glassy water bends over the rock. Seeing all chance of escape was passed, the savage ceased his efforts, and drifted in the stream. Then rising on the tide, he held the flask in one hand, while he wrung out the cork with the other, and applying the inverted vessel to his lips, disappeared over the cataract!

Is there not some analogy between this desperate savage and the votaries of pleasure? Do they not venture into a smooth but deceitful tide, for light and transient gratifications, and lose themselves fatally and forever in that ever-troubled abyss, in which the streams of vice and folly terminate?

## LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, OCT. 22, 1833.

**BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF BUFFALO.**—From some very interesting reminiscences of a recent journey from Cincinnati to Boston, by TIMOTHY FLINT, inserted in the last number of the Knickerbocker, we copy, with great pleasure, the following brief description of Buffalo. Of the valuable periodical from which we make the extract, Mr. F., we are happy to announce, has just assumed the editorship—the duties of which, we doubt not, his extensive literary attainments and various other qualifications, will enable him to discharge with honor to himself and satisfaction to the public.

"What a wonderful place is Buffalo! Who that hears the name, associated with ideas of the unpeopled wilderness, and that remembers that at the close of the late war but one house remained here, who that recollects how lately this place was the *ultima Thule* of civilization in the thoughts of the Atlantic people, who that contemplates this first point of embarkation on the vast inland seas of the northwest, and terminated by solitudes as deep and dreary as can be found in the creation, can contemplate the magic, as of the Arabian Nights, which has reared this interesting city, this handsomest of American towns, in this place still set down in most thoughts as a savage solitude, except with delighted and unmingled surprise. In entering the harbor from the lake, you are brought in view of magnificent works to protect the harbor from the fury of the waves. Within, the show of water crafts, steamboats, the masts of vessels, and the multitudes of canal boats, create the impression of a sea port, which, as sea vessels can now actually reach it through the Welland Canal, it may in some sense be considered. The churches, the public buildings, the squares, without any figure of speech may be termed magnificent. The position itself is one of great beauty; and its relationship to the broad and grand Niagara, and its proximity to the noblest cataract in the creation, together with the many points of interesting scenery in its neighborhood, renders it one of the greatest resorts of travelers, with whom in summer it is always thronged. Buffalo would make a figure, and be considered a beautiful section, if by magic, like that which has created it, the place could be transported to the centre of New-York or Philadelphia. It was four

years since I had seen it. The town seemed wonderful even then. But the progress since has been still more astonishing. Words convey very inadequate views, when they descend to the details of describing the houses, churches, and public buildings of such a place. An intelligent young Englishman, returning from travels in Mexico, accompanied me in my promenade round the town. I was not a little amused with his *naïf* and unqualified astonishment, his frequent exclamations of inquiry: what use the people could have for such splendid houses and stores, and whether he should see many such towns on his way thence to Quebec? No doubt on his return to England, where he will probably publish his travels, Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope can give him the requisite information. I took the pains to number the list of arrivals and departures of lake vessels for one week, preceeding that of my arrival there, as given in the papers, and found the number, beside those of steamboats, to exceed twenty. I read, at the moment I am writing this, that the public houses are full of travelers to overflowing, and that the splendid Eagle Tavern with its ample accommodations, can hardly receive all the travelers that offer. Would that the moral progress of our country was advancing as rapidly as the physical!"

**PERIODICALS.**—Some of the monthlies for October are unusually interesting. The one which has always been a decided favorite with us is the North American Magazine, the arrival of every new number of which we anticipate with increased pleasure and delight. Our copy came to hand too late to avail ourselves of any portion of its contents for the present number, but we have marked for an early insertion two or three entire pieces, and we also propose making a few suitable extracts from the first (a very valuable one) of a series of papers, entitled "Critical Dissertations," which we perceive are from the pen of that accomplished scholar and critic, the Rev. Frederick Beaseley, D.D. The October number completes the second volume of this truly national work, which is enriched with contributions from some of the first writers in the country; among whom are the Rev. Dr. Beaseley, David Paul Brown, John Howard Payne, Peter A. Browne, Robert Campbell Maywood, the Hon. Frederick Berkeley, L. M'Lellan, John P. Waites, Drs. Reese and Tognio, and many others, whom the Editor is not permitted to name. With obvious propriety, then, it may be said, that a periodical supported by the learning and abilities of such men, in addition to the talented Editor, Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, deserves the patronage of all who would cherish and exalt the intellect of America.

The Knickerbocker is at length presented to the world under the editorial conduct of TIMOTHY FLINT, whose name stands deservedly high on the list of American writers, and who has indeed largely contributed to the literary and scientific treasures of his native country. The October number contains several pieces of sterling worth, and can not fail to increase the popularity of this interesting journal.

The Western Monthly Magazine, as usual, is filled with original articles of an entertaining and instructive character. It has furnished our present number with a very interesting and well-written account of a "Chase," and will contribute to the enjoyment of our readers on some future occasion.

The Parthenon (No. 1 of Vol. 2) contains several original articles of merit, among which is "A Contrast" between the emperor NAPOLEON and the missionary JUDSON, which we have inserted in a preceding page, and which will be read with additional pleasure by those of our city subscribers, who, on the last sabbath, had the opportunity of listening to the affecting statements of the Rev. Mr. WADE, who has recently returned from the interesting country, where, we hope, Mr. JUDSON will long be spared to continue his "work of faith and labor of love."

We have received, but not had time to examine, the first number of the "Hermethenean," edited by a number of undergraduates in Washington College.

The Magnolia; or, Literary Tablet, is the title of a semi-monthly journal, just commenced at Hudson, and published at One Dollar per Annum, in advance.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We have this week the pleasure of presenting to our readers an original poem, in three parts, written expressly for this journal; and in our next number, we hope to be able to insert an interesting tale and several other original articles.

**TRAVELING AGENT.**—Alexander Hamilton is empowered to act as Traveling Agent for this journal.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## BLANNERHASSET ISLAND:

A POEM, IN THREE PARTS.

## PART FIRST.

Far, far to the west, on the ripple's crest,  
The moon her radiance threw;  
And gently did glide, by an islet's side,  
The Indian's light canoe.

He has reached the shore, in a moment more,  
He has leaped on the islet's strand,  
Which thus dimly seen, by the moonlight's sheen,  
Might seem the fairy land.

'Tis the midnight hour, and he seeks the bower,  
With a lover's lightsome bound;  
But pauses awhile, with a joyous smile,  
To view the enchanted ground.

Far in the deep shade, by yon white cascade,  
O'er the rocks its waters flinging,  
Is the wondrous bower, with the sweet wild flower  
Around its slight walls clinging.

'Twas a vision sweet, and the place was meet  
For the red man's lasting rest;  
And wild as the theme, of the poet's dream,  
The Elysium of the west.

The chieftain drew nigh, with a searching eye,  
And tighter his wampum drew;  
His bow he unsung, an anchor he flung,  
On the beach for his light canoe.

With a noiseless tread, where the pathway led,  
He approached the place of rest;  
Forgotten his fear, for a step draws near,  
And Una he folds to his breast.

An arrow swift sped, grazed the warrior's head,  
And a yell bursts on his ear;  
"O fly, Sachem, fly!" was the maiden's cry,  
"Thy deadliest foe is near."

With a taunting cry, then the lovers fly,  
Yet the foe gains on them fast;  
But a deadly thrust, and low in the dust,  
That foe is breathing his last.

The pale moon has waned, and the shore is gained,  
The canoe glides over the wave;  
The maiden is won, and the morrow's sun  
Saw Una the wife of the brave.

## PART SECOND.

Another morn has dawned on thee, fair isle!  
But not on sylvan bower its rays are shed;  
For like the "baseless visions" of a dream,  
The beauties of the moonlit scene have fled.

A gorgeous mansion towers aloft in pride,  
Seeming some castle of the olden time;  
Where once the wild flower clustered carelessly,  
With care the honeysuckle now is taught to climb.

'Tis like some garden of the fruitful east,  
Trained to subserve a fickle despot's taste,  
A wilderness of flowers and sweets around,  
As if Dame Nature gladdened in the waste.

Within a room of yonder splendid hall,  
Her eyes fixed on the rapid rolling stream,  
Sits a fair form of some angelic mould,  
And revels now in love's wild blissful dream.

Why tarries he, the chosen of her heart?  
Why to the weary hours so slowly creep?  
O! does he think his absence is forgot—  
Or does his fond affection ever sleep?

But hark! a dash of oars is faintly heard,  
Or is it fancy that deludes the ear?  
Ah! not a boat comes gliding down the stream,  
But why do all her crew in arms appear?

And who is he that clings to her loved lord,  
Whose brow seemed heavy with impending fate?  
Is he indeed the long expected guest,  
Who will an earthly paradise create?

But lo! he enters, radiant with smiles,  
A courtly ease and breeding in his air;  
His actions, graceful, and his winning words,  
Would seem to show a breast devoid of care.

"Lady, we willing homage yield to thee,  
And hail thee queen of this enchanted isle;  
O do not punish us, but gentle be,  
And pardon us, thy truant knights erewhile."

"Thy boon I grant," the smiling lady said,  
And joyful sprang to Frederick's embrace;  
And neither marked the stern reproving glance,  
That like a cloud passed o'er the stranger's face.

"Dost thou forget?" impatiently he cried,  
As if he were the lord and not the guest;  
His victim bowed, and then in silence led,  
As though it were a monarch's high behest.

A chamber, on whose richly furnished walls,  
The setting sun its golden beams was sending,  
Received the guest, who scarcely deigned a glance,  
Nor saw the charms of art and nature blending.

"Again I ask," the stranger said with scorn,  
"Hast thou forgot thy vows so lately made?  
Meeting before thy unbelieving eyes,  
Do all the prospects of the future fade?"

"O think not now of love's fond dalliance,  
O do not seek to shine in lady's eyes;  
Be not the fond complying husband now,  
But think of state, and of our high empire."

"Wouldst thou forsake the glory that awaits?  
Or read the laurel on your brow descending?  
Hark! even now the trump of daring fame,  
Thy praise unto the vaultless sky is sending!"

But ah! no trump of fame, nor shouts are borne,  
Along the waters to the listening ear;  
'Tis music faint at first, and then more loud,  
Till it swells high in notes both sweet and clear.

"Let others wish the cares of state,  
And pine for jeweled diadems;  
To me more sweet my calm retreat,  
Than all of earth's most brilliant gems!  
May cure or sorrow never come,  
To visit thee, my Island Home!"

"While others seek the field of strife,  
And win by blood a hero's name;  
In peaceful life with his fond wife,  
May he enjoy the sage's fame.  
Oh! never, never, may he roam  
From thy sweet bowers, my Island Home!"

"But should he wander far from me,  
Lured by ambition's fitful dream!  
O may he yet, ne'er, ne'er forget  
Ohio's calm, majestic stream.  
And when in some proud lordly dome,  
May he think on his Island Home!"

The music ceased, and faint'ring were the words  
That sang of home, and what its joys impart;  
Sweet was the tone, and thrilling were the notes:  
They spoke their source from woman's swelling heart.

"Enchantress!" from the stranger's lips burst forth;  
Then, as repenting of some feeling hidden,  
He asked of Frederick, in a startling tone,  
"Is the bold Spaniard to our meeting bidden?"

"He is," breathed forth his weaker peer in guilt,  
And then his kinder feelings no more sleep;  
He rushed forth to find some secret place,  
Where lone in silence he may dare to weep.

"The midnight hour soon comes," the stranger said,  
As walking up and down with lengthy stride;  
"E'en now an avalanche is o'er my heart,  
But let them dare prove false, and woe betide!"

"What man that feels his spirit in him breathe,  
Would circumscribe his bounds to this small spot,  
To study nature, or wild flowers to wreath,  
Which are even faded and forgot?"

"Ambition bids me seek a wider sphere,  
Nor chain me to the narrow place of birth;  
To place a crown upon my brow and be  
The mighty one—the monarch of the earth!"

"What once was he, the ruler of proud Gaul?  
Dared he aspire to seek an empire's crown?  
But yesterday the sport of wind and wave,  
Now sovereigns tremble if he do but frown!"

"The Spaniard dreams to share my high estate,  
Even Blannerhasset courts a diadem;  
Vain tools! they will be most supremely blest,  
If they can kiss my outward garment's hem!"

"Napoleon, like me, had peers in power,  
Who sought to rule, and cared not to obey;  
He made them footstools to a princely throne,  
Where now he reigns—his compeers, where are they?"

"My country! are thy calls a bond on me,  
To be thy slave? Oh, hence! debasing thought!  
The universe henceforth shall be my home!  
This land; my friends, but not my foes forgot!"

"Not they shall feel him whom they proudly spurned,  
And mayhap, at my feet when crouching low,  
I may forgive! 'tis sweet revenge enough,  
To have the power, and then to spare the blow!"

"The solemn midnight hour approaches nigh;  
Midnight—my ruin, or my path to state;  
I can not bend time's mighty last decree,  
Nor stem the tide of overwhelming fate."

"The battle field must cross my path to fame,  
My watchword then, 'an empire!' or else 'death!'  
A scaffold, or a grave, such views present;  
My army dare not draw a coward breath."

"The midnight hour soon comes; be calm, my heart!  
Why shouldst thou beat ere time the knell of doom?"  
The stranger left the chamber silently,  
And soon was lost in night's surrounding gloom.

Within a secret cave the traitors met,  
The haughty Spaniard, with his look so stern,  
The generous Irishman, and then the Chief,  
All speak of their design in words that burn.

Deep were the oaths, and solemn were the vows,  
Upon their good swords, as across arranged;  
They seemed some demons from the "vast deep,"  
E'en Frederick's self is into terror changed.

Of wild ambition, and a princely throne,  
Of colleges renowned as those of old,  
Of rapine, slaughter, deep revenge, and blood,  
The Chief, the Host, the Spaniard, all have told.

The night had waned apace, and day had dawned,  
Ere yet the Spaniard launched his boat from shore;  
He waved his hand to bid his friends adieu,  
And then they part on earth to meet no more!

## PART THIRD.

No reverend chroniclers of truth are we,  
Nor aged bard, with years and sorrow worn;  
The traitors' fate is on our history's page,  
And men point at the traitors' chief with scorn.

Another morn has dawned on thee, fair isle,  
And 'tis but poetry that can call thee fair;  
A mould'ring ruin crowns thy landscape now,  
And field flowers only waste their blossoms there.

Like some fair monument of Grecian art,  
Or crumbling temple of an Eastern clime;  
Thy ruin does a moral truth impart,  
And tells a mournful tale of olden time.

The boatman, when he passes near thy shore,  
Relating wondrous tales of field and flood,  
Mourns o'er thy desolation and thy waste,  
So points the guide where lofty Carthage stood!

The pyramids rear proudly from the plain,  
To teach the folly of misguided art;  
So does this isle of treason foul bewarn,  
And gives new impulse to the patriot's heart.

Penn-Yan, Yates Co., N.Y.

HAMET.

THE FIRST YEAR OF MAGA.—We celebrate our first anniversary—we hail the birth of number Twelve, with patriotic pride and pleasure. Our difficult career began under every inauspicious and depressing circumstance; personal poverty, recent bereavement, the hostility of some, the apathy of many, and the doubts of all. We resolved to be literary patriots; to love, revere, advocate, and avenge our insulted country; therefore, was our cause unpopular, for the independent republicans of the West are the devout admirers and most liberal patrons of their transatlantic abusers. We resolved to conduct our work without the aid of any bookseller or commissioned agent whatever; therefore, with few exceptions, the whole trade were the insidious, if not undisguised antagonists of our success. We avowed our resolution to criticise, without fear or favor, our own as well as foreign works; hence, a multitudinous horde of dunces arose, like Hartz fiends, in our path, and gibbered forth their calumnies. We deviated at once from the thronged highway of the world, and giants, dwarfs, and goblins, of every name and nature, assailed us with the peculiar weapons of their demoniac cowardice. We would receive no works under the penalty of puffing them; we would praise no man unworthily to win his patronage, and spare no malevolent dunce to secure his neutrality. We were independent, and, consequently, abhorred by the helots; we were American, and therefore alternately pitied and condemned by the mushroom aristocracy of a democratic government.—*North American Magazine.*

Printed and published, every other Tuesday, by W. Verrinder, at One Dollar and a Half per annum, in advance, or Two Dollars, at the end of the year. Subscribers may commence with any number they please, twenty-six numbers constituting one year's supply. No subscription received for a less term than six months, for which the price (One Dollar) must be invariably paid at the time of subscribing.